These letters will resolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speake with him.
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holie king Henrie, and thy faire sonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Doe through the cloudes, behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction.
This is Alsoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buck. Whie then Alsoules day, is my bodies domesday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found,
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith, of him I trusted most:
This, this Alsoules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determind respit of my wrongs:
That high al-seer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doeth he force the swordes of wicked men,
To turne their owne pointes, on their Maisters bosome:
Now Margarets curse, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy hart with sorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Prophetesse,
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friendes,
Bruisd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment,
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines

Lines of faire comfort, and incouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vsurping bore,
That spoild your somer-fieldes, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme bloud like wash, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld bosomes, this foule swine,
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leycester as we learne:
From Tamworth thether, is but one dayes march,
In Gods name cheerelie on, couragious friendes,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1 Lo. Euerie mans conscience is a thousand swordes,
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2 Lo. I doubt not but his friendes will flie to vs.
3 Lo. He hath no friendes, but who are friendes for feare,
Which in his greatest neede will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings. *Exit.*

Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others.

King. Here pitch our tentes, euen here in Bosworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, whie lookst thou so bad.
Cat. My hart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hether.
Norffolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Norff. We must both giue, and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well, all is one for that.
Who hath discried the number of the foe.
Norff. Sixe or seuen thousand is their vtmost number.
King. Whie our battalion trebles that account,
Besides, the Kings name is a tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs suruey the vantage of the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline, make no delaie,